

## The Journal and Courier

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## Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications, in all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

New York city has just paid \$17,000 in prizes for the best plans for a new municipal building to be erected in City Hall park. Meanwhile the legislature has passed a law forbidding the erection of a municipal building in the park.

This is a great time for associations of all kinds. An association has just been formed by M. Wilfrid de Fonville, the well known aeronaut, of the survivors of the 169 persons who left Paris in balloons during the siege of the French capital by the Germans in 1870.

Horseless carriages are not new under the sun. In volume 13 of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published in Edinburgh in 1810, there are diagrams and a description of a horseless carriage invented by Mr. Richards, a physician in Rochelle. The machinery by which the movement was affected was placed in a box in the rear of the carriage.

The Sultan of Turkey is being assailed by revolutionary pamphlets. One of them recently disseminated in Constantinople says: "What need has the Khalif of 200 wives? The law of the Sheri allows only four. Four, then, let him have, and drive out the rest. Why should he have 200 aldes-de-camp—young men full of vigor held in idleness? Leave him twenty."

The Canadian government has decided to continue the licensing of American fishing vessels engaged in the North Atlantic fisheries, at the rate of \$1.50 per registered ton. In the new licenses vessels are forbidden to buy bait in a Canadian port and sell it to unlicensed vessels outside the three mile limit. This clause is to compel all vessels using Canadian bait to take a license. Last year but few vessels took out licenses, and these supplied many craft outside the three-mile limit.

It is not very surprising to read that William H. Iams, the man in one of the Pennsylvania militia regiments who gained considerable notoriety during the Homestead riots by expressing delight at the rumored shooting of Superintendent Frick, and who was tied up by the thumbs by order of his colonel, has just been shot, perhaps fatally, as the result of a quarrel with a fellow lodger. He came to his boarding house early in the morning, and got into a row with a man named Arndt, and threw him downstairs. The man returned, got a revolver from his room, and when Iams again attacked him, fired.

A German expert, after a careful estimate, has announced that the total length of telegraph lines in the world is 1,082,700 miles, of which America has 545,600 miles; Europe, 380,700; Asia, 67,400; Africa, 21,500, and Australia, 47,500 miles. The United States has a greater length than any other country, 402,900 miles, and Russia comes next, although European Russia has only 81,000 miles. The other countries follow in this order: Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, British India, Mexico, the United Kingdom, Canada, Italy, Turkey, the Argentine Republic, Spain and Chili. In point of proportion, however, Belgium leads, with 409 miles of wire for every 1,000 square miles of territory; Germany comes next, with 350 miles; Holland is only slightly behind Germany, and the United Kingdom has 280 miles of telegraph for every 1,000 miles of country.

The German government, as Herr Gosselin remarks in his report on the Cameroons, has made no report concerning the amount of intoxicating liquor imported into the German sphere of influence in Africa. The members of the Evangelical mission in the Cameroons, however, in a recent report throw some light on this question. They say: The German government laid out plantations in Victoria, and the majority of the laborers received on Saturday as part payment a bottle of spirits, which was often consumed during the same night, as the negro is anything but economical. The consequence was that they were intoxicated on Sunday morning and some of them came to religious service in that state. The missionary brought this to the notice of the government official, and requested him not to supply the negroes with spirits. To this he replied that in that case he would be unable to procure laborers. The missionary, however, pointed out that he had himself engaged the laborers for a whole year, and though he had paid them much lower wages than those granted by the government, he had always had between eighty and one hundred men at his disposal. The official in reply declared that the price at which the bottles of spirits were reckoned enabled the government, when employing 200 men, to save 100 marks a week.

## THE BIG FIGHT.

The "big" prize fight which was "pulled off," or "dragged off," yesterday, had two conspicuous merits. It did not take place on United States soil and it only lasted about a minute and a half. How it was allowed to take place on Mexican soil is not very clear, but perhaps it was discovered by the Mexicans that it would be inconsistent to insist on breaking up a prize fight while bull-fights continued to be respectable.

Those who read reports of prize-fights because they like to, and those who read them so that they can intelligently talk or preach against prize-fighting will not find much to read about in the report of this one. Four "clinches," half a dozen "exchanges," and "a knock-out" tell the brief story. There is no long record of brutality. The great work was done with neatness and dispatch, and the blowing of Maher and his friends came to as complete and inglorious a conclusion as the blowing of suddenly "busted" bellows.

A prize-fight that takes place in Mexico and lasts but a minute and a half is a great gain. Now if "Fitz" can take Corbett down into Mexico or Central America and stop his blowing in a minute it will be a good thing. And then if an able goat could meet "Fitz" and in a second teach him, by a well aimed and well delivered butt, the vanity of human glory that would be another good thing, and would leave the championship where it belongs.

The United States appears to be well rid of "big" prize fights. That is cheering. It would be still more cheering if the "big" prize-fighters would get disgusted with "the blasted country" that they would leave it. If there is no hope of this, perhaps they can be induced to come down a peg or two. Is there not room for them in our great institutions of learning? They have shown themselves to be masters of the arts of oratory and writing. Could they not be induced to accept professorships which would include some teaching of these arts with much teaching of the manly art of self-defense and such other manly arts as they can teach? Of course they would lose in glory by accepting such places, but they could do a great deal of good, and we have often read that when distinguished prize-fighters are not fighting they take as much delight in doing good as the enterprising burglar takes in gentle recreation when he's "not a burgling." The delights of actual prize-fighting are growing rarer and more dangerous. Our big prize-fighters may well ask themselves if they cannot afford to use their great talents and accomplishments more unselfishly, if less gloriously. If they were properly placed they could do much for athletics, oratory and literature.

## RHODESIA.

It can be said for the great English colonizers, or absorbers, that they know their business and are very efficient in doing it. For instance, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has returned to South Africa to develop Rhodesia. One of his chief endeavors will be, it is stated, to create in his gold country a British Johannesburg. He and the capitalists associated with him believe that in five years, with good administration and progressive methods, the Uitlander population of Rhodesia will exceed that of the Transvaal. Recent events are thought to illustrate the advantage for Englishmen of working under the British flag, and the better opportunities offered in Rhodesia will cause, it is believed, a flocking of Transvaal miners into the newer gold fields. Already 60,000 mining claims are pegged out in the South Africa company's territories, and no royalty, or charge, is levied on the prospector till he has made a profit. Coal exists in enormous quantities. Mining experts assert that gold in quantity is to be found in the Lomangunda, Gwanda, Selukwa, Umtali, Galka, Balingwe and other fields. These fields are yet to be developed fully, and into this work Mr. Rhodes will put his energies and a large capital during the next few years.

As a means to the end in view the transportation problem is first to be solved in an effective way. Rhodesia is 2,000 miles long by 1,000 miles broad. Already it has telegraph lines throughout its length and part of its breadth, but its miles of railroad are few. Within its area are a few miles of the Mafeking-Vryburg line from the south and the Beira line from the east coast to Chimoio. The Mafeking line is to be pushed northward to Bulawayo in three years and the Beira line will be carried to Umtali during 1896, and in a few months after to Fort Salisbury. At present the cost of transportation from the coast is almost prohibitory. From Beira to Umtali the cost now is from \$150 to \$250 per ton. From Chimoio, the inland terminus, to Umtali there is a distance of eighty-three miles to be covered by wagons, and in the wet season the road is difficult. But on the completion of the railroad to Umtali the entire cost for the whole 200 miles from the coast will be but \$50 per ton. This will permit the introduction of mining machinery and speed the development Mr. Rhodes has in view. It will also hasten the utilization of that magnificent plateau north of the Zambezi which has over 100,000 square miles of area and an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea. The agricultural resources of this region, which is habitable for Englishmen, are very great and await development. Sheep, goats and other stock are to be introduced

and grain is to be produced for the miners. The finances of the chartered company favor these enterprises. It is out of debt, its heavy initial expenditures are ended and it has a large cash reserve and \$4,500,000 besides for railroad construction.

Thus Englishmen make money, increase the power and glory of England and give civilization a boost.

## FASHION NOTES.

## A Homelike Trio.

The mother of a youngster like the little fellow in this picture will be pretty sure to be reminded to-day that there's small chance for his ever being a father of a country, but to the mother's mind his chances for the presidency are of the best, so she's content. He'll be more than content if he can be permitted to wear trousers, which this sailor suit includes. Of navy blue woolen stuff, the trousers are topped by a wide belt of folded stuff, and by a blouse of the same material with plastron and collar of white silk, but these are made separately so as to permit a change of colors and materials. The collar is finished with a blue falla bow, and the left side may have a pocket if desired.

For the little man of three whose mother is horrified at the thought of trousers for him, a suitable compromise of a blouse open in front to show a white yoke. The opening narrows to a point well below the waist, and a sailor



collar turns away from it. A belt holds the blouse below the waist, and the skirts below are scant, and to the knee or a little below.

At the other side of the picture there is a dainty little dress of bright red and sage green silk-and-wool plaid. It is to be worn with a gumpie, which is of white China silk. The skirt hangs in full boxpleats and a small ruffle of the goods edged with narrow Valenciennes lace is gathered to the yoke band. The gumpie has full puff sleeves with a prettily shirred cuff. A small frill of lace adorns the neck band, and the bodice is decorated with a narrow frilling of white chiffon. The skirt is full and lined with taffeta. Simple waists of this sort afford a fine chance for the use of dainty neck garnitures, and such will give to the dress an appearance of freshness that is highly desirable and very easily and inexpensively attained.

## THE FLEETING SHOW.

Some of Its Faces and Fancies. (Written for the JOURNAL AND COURIER.)

## A BUSY LIFE.

Reading a short autobiographical paper published in the Woman's Journal a few weeks ago, it was impossible not to be impressed with its portrayal of the ambition, energy, and unbounded capacity for hard work that characterized so many of the women born in the early days of this century. Their sphere was very narrow, it is true, but they crowded its limits with varied and almost unceasing activities. Many of their occupations are now almost unknown, and women, freed from them by the ingenuities of modern machinery and liberality of modern ideas, find other and broader and more attractive channels into which to turn the energies of hand and brain.

At the time this article was published Mrs. L. A. Hutchins, the writer, was in her eightieth year. She was a Green Mountain girl, brought up in the glorious companionship and freedom of the hills. At twelve years of age she was motherless, and had begun to help her father in farm work: she milked the cows, drove them to pasture, went to school, and romped and climbed trees like any lively and healthy country girl. A few years later, circumstances having forced her to leave her home, she worked in a farmer's family, doing house and dairy work, and spinning. At seventeen she reached the pinnacle of the studious New England girl's ambition, the seat behind school-ma'am's desk. She "boarded round" and received the liberal salary of five shillings a week, and "Yankee shillings" at that. Before the end of the year her salary had been increased to one dollar a week. The next year she entered, as a pupil, a seminary at Middlebury, Vt., one that was established by Mrs. Emma Willard, and the first of the kind in America that was exclusively for girls. While studying there she earned her board by doing housework in a private family, getting up betimes on Monday mornings to do the washing, walked a mile to school, and during the year was late only twice—three minutes late! Think of this, ye girls who come to a late breakfast elaborately dressed for school, and then hurry away, leaving your general wreckage to be picked up, and your disordered rooms to be restored to neatness, by hands that perhaps were already weary before your personal prinking was done.

The next year she began teaching again in a school house on the top of the Green Mountain range. This occupation she continued, with but few interruptions for fifty years. At twenty she was given sole charge of a school that from lack of discipline had become very disorderly. Within two weeks the wild spirits were subdued and complete order restored. Her simple method of bringing about this change

may be of service to some other teacher. She spoke very low, kept calm, and walked carefully. It was about this time that she began to teach winter schools, usually taught by men, as the boys of manly size and strength, who attended school only in the winter, were supposed to be beyond the control of women teachers. At this time, too, she developed that boldness of thought that is supposed to be characteristic of the "advanced" woman of to-day. If she was considered competent to manage such a school, she reasoned, why should she not be paid the same salary that a man would receive. She demanded it, therefore, and it was granted—fifteen dollars a month, and board.

After her marriage in 1842 most of her teaching was in the line of penmanship, pen drawing, and free hand drawing, these arts having been acquired during or in the intervals of her school teaching. She had had twelve lessons in penmanship, and a little instruction in drawing. Most of this teaching was in private schools, private classes, often composed of teachers, and in commercial colleges. Sometimes she taught three classes a day, and much of the time had evening classes. Many of her pupils became teachers of writing and drawing. During all these fifty years, while engaged in teaching, she never lost a day on account of illness, nor ever had a headache. This, she says, "I attribute largely to dressing so that the air could come in contact with my body, to regular bathing, to farinaceous vegetable, and fruit diet, mostly, with few condiments, and to earnest, active and constant employment and regular hours of sleep." There were nine children who were never rocked to sleep nor ever tasted patent medicine. Eight of them grew to manhood and womanhood. Their father and mother studied hygiene and in their united care of the children they applied its principles. They were dressed warmly in winter, and always loosely, their rooms were well ventilated by night and day, and they were fed at regular times. Probably the details of home work were simplified as much as possible in order to give time for outside engagements, but there was no neglect of home duties. And by way of a hint to the girls of to-day there could be nothing more suggestive than the question with which Mrs. Hutchins closes her brief but remarkably interesting autobiography: "If," she asks, "a woman of ordinary abilities, with very limited opportunities, and under discouraging circumstances, could do something for the advancement of society outside of her family circle, what ought we not to expect of the rising generation of women, with free schools, free text-books and supplies, and with all the light which modern science discloses?"

## A TRIFLING MISTAKE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The poem entitled "There is No Death" is one that has been widely read and greatly admired. To many hearts it has brought a message of consolation as sweet and helpful as mortal man has been put into words, by mortal man.

"There is no death! the stars go down To rise upon some other shore, And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown They shine forever more."

"And ever near us, though unseen, The dear, immortal spirits tread— For all the boundless universe Is life—there are no dead!"

So it begins and ends. Who has not read it? Strangely enough, it gave to a well known English author enhanced reputation as a poet, having been credited to him for thirty years or more, he, meanwhile, having never seen nor heard of it. Whenever its writer laid claim to it his words were received with incredulity or derision, and at last he was openly charged with plagiarism.

Mr. Clifford Howard, a literary man of Washington, has collected the facts concerning this poem, and traced its history. Hereafter it is to be hoped that its authorship will be no more a vexed question, but that John L. McCree, now holding a responsible position in the attorney general's office at Washington, may be given all due honor for the poem he has vainly sought to claim as his own. In his younger days, away back in 1863, when a newspaper man in Iowa, he wrote the verses and sent them to Arthur's Home Magazine. They appeared in the July number of the magazine, after which he reprinted them in his own paper, the Delaware

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Co. Journal. An Illinois paper copied them from the Journal. Soon after they appeared in the Farmer's Advocate of Chicago an article on the subject of immortality, written by Eugene Bulmer, and in this Mr. McCree's poem was quoted. The editor of a Wisconsin paper, admiring the poem more than the argument in prose, copied it and printed it with the name E. Bulmer attached. Had the name Eugene been given in full the mistake that followed might have been more easily corrected. The next compositor who set up the poem was probably one, and they are not few, who consider it their privilege to correct what they suppose to be other people's blunders. He changed Bulmer to Bulwer, and thereafter the poem travelled about from the United States to Canada, to England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and everywhere else where the English language is spoken, always as the work of Edward Bulwer-Lytton. It appeared in reading books, in collections of poetry, and even, as a portion of a speech, in the Congressional Record. Thirteen years after it was written the Harper's published a school reader containing it, crediting it to Lord Lytton. Mr. McCree, having called their attention to this as an error, they took pains to write to "Owen Meredith," the son of Lord Lytton, inquiring if his father had written it. In reply, he said, decidedly, that his father did not write it, nor had he, or any of his family, ever seen or heard of it. Thereafter, in at least one book, the name of the true author was appended to the poem, but it required nearly five years to effect the change. Most people were so sure, however, that the poem was written by Bulwer, that Mr. McCree met with abuse and insult whenever he attempted to claim it. When in 1883, he published a small volume entitled, "Songs of Toil and Triumph," it contained his revised version of "There is No Death," and thereby brought upon himself the charge of piracy. He was finally obliged, as the only means of sustaining his claim, to offer \$1,000 to any one who could show that the poem appeared before 1863, or that it was written by Edward Bulwer-Lytton, an offer that still stands good. It is probable that the name of Bulwer helped the poem in gaining its immense popularity; it is also probable that without its true poetic merit critical readers would have been unwilling to accept it as the work of the English writer. As it is, the more famous man, the author by profession, need never have been ashamed, had he known it, that his name had brought to such extended notice, the work of an obscure and reserved man, who wrote little poetry, and that only when heart and brain prompted him to the utterance of simple, delicate and spiritual thoughts.

## STILL.

Mrs. Higbee—How quiet it is in the parlor! Higbee—Yes, Elsie and her fellow are still there.—Albany Journal.

"Let's have a game of poker." "Oh, dear, no." "Consentious scruples?" "No; I've just been playing!"—Chicago Record.

Friend—I suppose the time seems to pass very slowly. Invalid—Very. The doctor has ordered me a milk punch every three hours.—Puck.

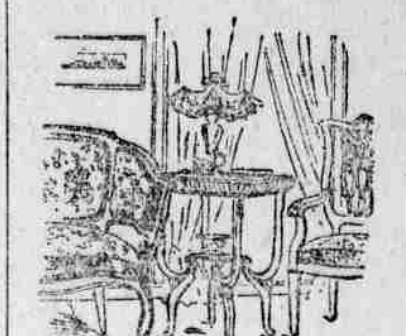
Cawker—The goat is an impressive-looking animal. Cumsie—I don't think so. Cawker—Have you ever reflected what a striking forehead he has?—Harper's Bazar.

Patient—Do you think a sudden fright would be likely to bring on a relapse? Doctor—Most certainly! Patient—Then please bear that in mind when making out your bill.—Cincinnati Anecdote.

"You are fully informed as to the game laws in Pennsylvania, I believe?" asked the Horse Editor. "Well, I hope so." "Then perhaps you can tell me when it is lawful to shoot old wells?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Embarrassing Question.—School-mistress (to new boy)—What is your father by trade? Boy (perplexed)—I haven't to tell. S.—But you must. B. (after a great deal of hesitation)—Please, sir, he's the bearded woman at the circus!—Almanach Amusant.

Green (to Black, who is preparing for a continental trip)—How do you get on with your language, old fellow? Black—Capitally. Why, I've got so far now that I can think in French. Green—Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English.—Tit-Bits.



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